

The Critic's View

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The Critic

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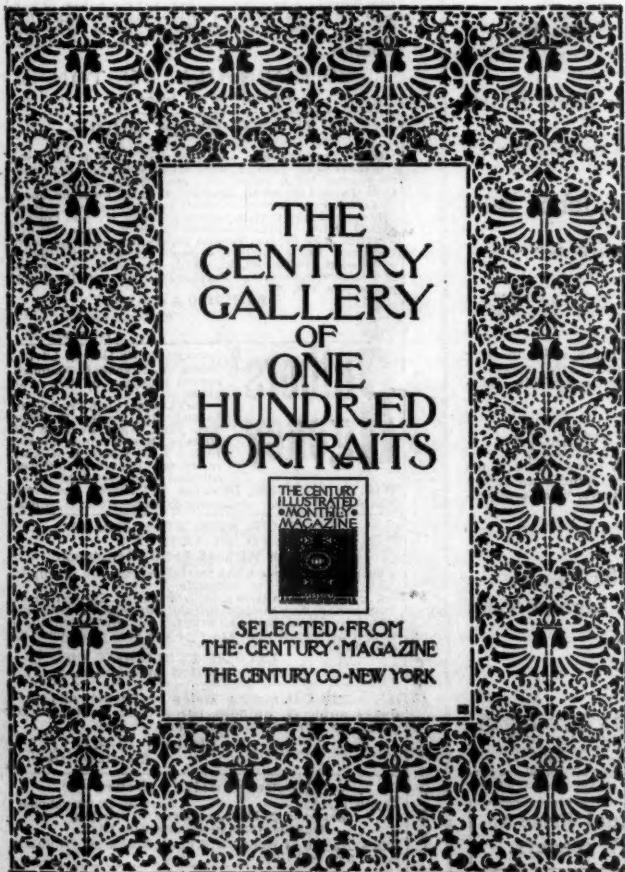
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 Brooks, Phillips, Louisa, Queen of Prussia,
 Browning, Robert, Lowell, James Russell,
 Bryant, William Cullen, Marshall, John,
 Bryce, James, McKinley, William,
 Burns, Robert, Millet, Jean François,
 Bülow, Hans von, Mitchell, S. Weir,
 Burroughs, John, Modjeska,
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 Carlyle, Thomas, Moltke, von,
 Clay, Henry, Mozart,
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 Corot, Pasteur,
 Curtis, George William, Pompadour, Marquise de,
 Daubigny, Ruskin, John,
 Daudet, Alphonse, Salvini, Tommaso,
 Duse, Eleonora, Sand, George,
 Dvorák, Antonin, Savonarola,
 Eliot, George, Shelley,
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Sheridan, P. H.,
 Eugénie, Sherman, W. T.
 Franklin, Benjamin, Schumann, Robert,
 Gladstone, W. E., Siddons, Sarah,
 Gounod, Charles François, Staél, Madame de,
 Grant, U. S., Stedman, E. C.,
 Greeley, Horace, Stevenson, Robert Louis,
 Grieg, Edvard, St. Gaudens, A.,
 Hale, Edward Everett, Stockton, Frank R.,
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, Stowe, Harriet Beecher,
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 Herschel, Sir John, Thackeray, W. M.,
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 Howe, Julia Ward, Tourguenoff, Ivan,
 Howells, William D., Twain, Mark,
 Inness, George, Verdi,
 Irving, Washington, Victoria, Queen,
 James, Henry, Wagner, Richard,
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"The Critic's" View of the Election

ON JANUARY 1 New York will step from third to second place among the cities of the world. To all intents and purposes it will be a new municipality. On Tuesday next, Nov. 2, the people are to decide whether this great city is to come into being under ideally auspicious conditions, or in circumstances threatening its continued existence. Should anyone remind us that *The Critic* is a literary paper, having nothing to do with political affairs, we should reply that the question at issue has no more to do with politics than with literature. We make no apology for considering a subject which involves the welfare of our schools and libraries, the architecture of our public buildings, the care and adornment of our parks and squares. The fact that it involves also the health and comfort of the people, the care of the sick and the punishment of crime, the financial standing of the corporation and the good name of the city at home and abroad—the fact that these issues also are involved in it does not make the question an improper subject for discussion in a journal whose first thought is for literature and the arts. On the contrary, the inclusion of these varied issues adds to the importance of the question, without making its treatment less imperative upon a journal that usually confines its attention to aesthetic rather than practical affairs.

The case which has been argued in the forum and in the press during the campaign now closing is that of the People *versus* the Politicians. It is held by the Republican machine that it is essential to the welfare of the Republican party, and of the nation, that a man shall be made Mayor of New York whose first consideration will be the strengthening of the party organization. This is the view of Senator Platt, the non-resident Republican boss; of Mr. Quigg, his voluminous lieutenant; of Mr. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior; and of Mr. Tracy, the Republican cat's-paw candidate.

The Tammany Democracy, on the other hand, holds that it would be a fatal mistake not to restore to the city the blessings of Tammany government. That it would be fatal to Tammany there is no gainsaying. The illiterate Irish immigrant, recently resident in England, who has returned to New York to lead the Tammany forces in their renewed assault upon the city treasury, would suffer beyond recovery if the assault should be repelled; and so would his right-hand man, the defaulting office-holder from Buffalo. Their war is waged for spoils only, and their candidate is the merest figurehead. Their cry is "To Hell with Reform!"

The campaign conducted in behalf of Henry George is a campaign for principles. The principles are in part those for which Mr. Bryan fought a year ago. They are radically wrong, and while the candidate who represents them is in character and ability far above the leaders of Tammany, from whose following his main support is drawn, his election would be a signal to the enemies of society to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

At the fourth corner of the quadrangular battle-field stands an organization recruited from both political parties, and

officered by their best representatives. Its platform is simplicity itself. Non-partizanship in municipal management is its motto; and as a war-cry it has furnished inspiration to a larger host than has ever been registered in New York in any political campaign. The leader of this host is a citizen in the prime of life, born of excellent stock, highly intelligent and thoroughly trained; a successful business man, formerly elected and re-elected Mayor, on a non-partisan platform, of one of the largest cities in the Union, which is to form a part of the enlarged municipality; at present the head of a great university, whose affairs he has administered with pre-eminent ability; a devout Christian, broadly charitable in thought and deed; a favorite arbitrator of differences between labor and capital,—in short, just such a man, in character, capacity, attainments and experience, as anyone having at heart the best interests of the city would naturally select, from among all possible candidates, as the one most fit to start and control the first movements of such a huge yet delicate instrument as has been created by the new charter of New York. His candidacy has proved, even beyond his expectations, "a unifying force among the friends of good government." His campaign has been one, not of deals, but of ideals.

It has been confessed by the Republicans that they are fighting a losing fight, whose only end can be the success of Tammany; such a result being preferable, in their sight, to the success of a candidate pledged to the principle of non-partizanship embodied in the state constitution by the Republicans themselves. If the boss who runs this machine can persuade a sufficient number of his followers to throw away their votes upon the candidate he has put in the field, or cajole them into voting for the Tammany candidate direct, the old order of things will be restored—a Tammany boss in the city, a Republican boss in the State, and New York sacrificed again upon the altar of party "regularity."

With Mr. Low, Mr. Fairchild and the other Citizens' candidates in office, New York would start upon the new year and the new century under conditions as favorable to good government and the welfare of the people as it were possible to wish. With Tammany restored to power, our last state would be worse than our first, before the partial cleansing wrought by the present administration. It is not too much to say that the eyes, not only of the American people, but of the whole world are upon us. Our choice is momentous, not only to ourselves but to all who dwell in cities. We can raise a standard, as Washington said, to which the wise and good of all nations may repair, or we can sink again into the mire of municipal degradation, there to suffer deservedly for sinning against light.

Is it conceivable that we should walk open-eyed to the polls, and cast a vote that would consign us to shame? Happily, all signs point the other way.

When the people are aroused, the politicians are powerless against them.

Literature

South and Central Africa

1. *White Man's Africa.* By Poulton Bigelow. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville and from photographs. Harper & Bros. 2. *The New Africa.* By Aurel Schulz and August Hammar. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. *British Central Africa.* By Sir Harry H. Johnson, K. C. B. Edward Arnold.

MR. BIGLOW has written a highly entertaining book, and Mr. Woodville and Messrs. Harper have conspired with him to present it in handsome and attractive form. His aim has been less to produce such a careful study of social and political conditions as Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa" will doubtless prove to be, than to record what he observed on his travels and relate what he heard from persons who have had a hand in the making of local history. His main object has been to write a book that should be readable, and this his stories and descriptions have made it. Naturally enough he begins with the most striking event in recent South-African annals, the Jameson raid, an episode almost unique in the story of the progress of civilization. Full justice is done to the case of the Boers. And President Kruger is made the subject of a highly interesting chapter, enlivened by many an anecdote. So, too, is Martin Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State, to whom the work is dedicated. Another chapter tells of Portuguese progress, and still another of Negro Retrogression—the gradually dying out of the Basutos as a race of fighters. But in one sense this also is a story of progress, for the tribe is becoming by degrees a Christianized nation.

Life at the Cape of Good Hope and in Natal is described from notes taken on the spot, the latter colony being painted as a veritable paradise. It is virtually a republic, and one so conditioned as to form a model government, not only theoretically but in its practical working. Folklore tales of the blacks are retold, and the epic of the Great Trek from Cape Colony is rehearsed, with the familiar story of Dingaan's daag. The causes of the trek are given, and the feeling of the Dutch toward the English is indicated by various anecdotes which show it to be less hostile than the outsider generally supposes. The final pages are devoted to the drawing of a contrast between the British and Boer forms of government. Much to criticise is found in each, yet the author's conclusion is that a federation of colonies under the British flag is the likeliest and most desirable outcome of the struggle for dominion in South Africa.

In this connection we may quote the closing words of his preface:—

"I was treated most hospitably wherever I went, although in the Transvaal itself so bitter was the feeling against England that I was an object of suspicion until it was demonstrated for me that I was there merely as an observer, and not for hostile purposes. My greatest obligation is towards those Boer farmers who sheltered me overnight, although I came to them as a stranger; who allowed me to share the society of their family circle, and who gave me their blessing when I said good-bye on the following morning. The future of South Africa lies, I believe, not in the hands of noisy and frothy filibusters or Stock Exchange brokers; nor does it lie with a small section of Boers who still struggle for isolation. The men who hold the future of that country in their hands are men of English as well as Dutch descent, but who are no longer subject to one flag more than the other. They are men who feel and act as Afrikanders, whether their farms lie in Natal or the Cape, the Transvaal or the Orange Free State. The type that is to dominate White Man's Africa is produced neither in the family of Eckstein, Beit, Wernher, Neumann, Barney Barnato, J. B. Robinson, and other great financial aristocrats; nor will it be found in the congregation of Paul Kruger. It is alive, however, and flourishes vigorously in the person of Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State."

It would be unfair to close this notice without a special word in praise of the many illustrations, which are as well printed as could be wished, and give one a capital idea of the people and places of a most interesting land.

South Africa, between the eighteenth and twenty-sixth parallels, contains the region explored by Messrs. Schulz and Hammar and described in "The New Africa" (2). Their object was to survey the Chobe river to its sources, and both map and text show the geological skill and keen vision of the explorers. Into a region never before penetrated by white men they went, not with a four-wheeled wagon and sixteen or more oxen, but with a two-wheeled cart drawn by twelve picked animals. They also provided themselves with "salted" horses, that is, with those that had passed through the disease called "horse-sickness." Their hunting battery consisted of eleven guns. On 2 March 1884 they started from Dundee in Natal, and in due time crossed the Vaal and Limpopo rivers, having enjoyed a pleasant interview at Victoria with acting-President Piet Joubert. Entering King Khama's country, their sport and lively adventures began. Elephants, lions, seacows, crocodiles, hippopotami, buffaloes and other large game tested their marksmanship, while scenery of the grandest character—waterfalls to be compared with Niagara, mountains, cliffs and precipices, verdant plains and forests—feasted their eyes. Chapter after chapter is filled with accounts of sport and personal adventures exhilaratingly dangerous. What impresses the reader most is the amazing quantity of large game in Africa at the time of which the authors write. After nearly a year in the "bush," they returned to civilization, yet years elapsed before they wrote this story of their deeds and discoveries. Since then many exploring parties have visited the same region, and much of what was Khama's country is now part of "White Man's Africa." The present work forms a valuable addition to the history of "the coming continent" in that it is a pioneer's record. In the main, however, it is a story for the enjoyment of sportsmen who love big game. Unique in books about Africa is the chapter on the Bushmen's paintings. These pictures made in pigment upon the sandstone rocks show hunting parties, and battles between men and between men and beasts, and reveal the fact that flirtation, coquetry and all the other phenomena of love among primitive people were not radically different in fashion from those observed among more cultivated people. In the appendix is a short chapter on the history of the Barotzi valley.

The capable and accomplished Governor of that vast region of Central Africa which is under British protection has essayed to describe his field of work and the results wrought by himself and his auxiliaries (3). To these, living and dead, in chivalrous acknowledgment of their labors, he dedicates his book about "this Cinderella among the protectorates." Of all the nations that have appropriated portions of Africa, or attempted to develop its resources, the British are first and far ahead; and this prose epic of civilization reads more like a fairy-tale than does even that of the maid who sat among the cinders and then rode as a princess to the ball, there to dazzle all observers. It seems almost incredible to those of us who have read the books of Speke and Burton, and Baker and Stanley, to hear of the wonderful changes wrought in the Dark Continent—though the desire to connect Britain's empire south of the Zambesi with her protectorate on the Upper Nile has not yet been realized. The present work deals mainly with that eastern portion of British Central Africa that has come mostly under Gov. Johnston's experience. It is the best general account yet published of the country under view. The six maps are marvels of accuracy and attractiveness; and there are over two hundred good illustrations, besides appendices, and a good index.

At the end of nearly every chapter there are notes, lists or vocabularies, for the author has availed himself of the labors of his staff of trained assistants. Had one of these been a competent man-of-letters, there might have been a great improvement in the Governor's style. A good deal of blue pencilling, or the judicious use of the hand-saw and pruning-knife, would have relieved the story of

an almost African luxuriance of remarks intended to be funny. The gambols of an elephant are suggested by some of the gubernatorial attempts to be facetious. Many pages of this an otherwise excellent book, are thus disfigured. Despite its blemishes, however, the style is popular and the book is one to be read and not merely consulted. The student of history or of language, of zoölogy or of botany, will find in it rich enjoyment, while the picture of missionary life and work is sufficiently large in scope and minute in treatment to furnish either a novelist or a cartoonist for *Puck* and *Judge*, or the serious ally of the work of evangelization, with the particular ailment he may crave. The Governor's view is that of a man of the world who gives all sides of the question. Only a perverse partisan can find fault with one who writes from the point of view of neither the over-zealous friend nor the bitter enemy of missions. One thing seems to be proved, and that is that Christian missionaries are the great pioneers of civilization in modern Africa. They have done immeasurably more in this century than did their Moslem predecessors in the many centuries preceding, good as the Mohammedan work was.

"The Literary Movement in France"

During the Nineteenth Century. By G. Pellissier. Authorized English Version by Anne G. Brinton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M. BRUNETIÈRE, who is regarded as the foremost French critic of the day, eulogizes in flattering terms the work before us as "no less the picture than the history of contemporary French literature. In addition, it is also the philosophy, or rather describes the evolution, of the literary movement of our century." It is, indeed, a very charming essay, difficult to lay down when once one has begun it, of nearly 500 pages, discussing with combined keenness and amplitude all the complex phenomena that have cropped up in literary France since the days of Jean-Jacques, Mme. de Staél and Chateaubriand, the three fountain-heads of all literature in that country since the grand age of Louis XIV. His essay, destitute of the usual complications of numerous dates, flows evenly and discriminately along, pointing out the ebb and the flow, the great lines of demarcation between the rival schools, the evolution of one out of the other, the characteristics of each, the great figures and luminous landmarks in all, leaving to the biographical dictionaries the smaller names and concentrating the reader's eye only on conspicuous talents which have either revolutionized a style or left abiding influences behind. The work is thus rightfully ranked by M. Faguet, himself an eminent critic, among modern classics as the "best history of one of the most fertile of modern literatures." One is grateful for the pleasure of reading such a work in so excellent a translation, which errs only occasionally in a rather un-English use of the French "present-perfect tense" for the English aorist, or in the use of such words as "significative" for "significant."

It is most interesting to follow M. Pellissier through his various chapters as he discusses the classic hero types of Racine and Corneille and their Frenchy Greco-Romanism, prolonged through the eighteenth century by Voltaire, or to the renewal of the French mind in the love, and sentiment, and spiritual sensibility of Rousseau, who revived the poetry of passion and was the first shining victim of the "malady of the century" soon to break forth in the contagion of Wertherism. Rousseau was the real initiator of Romanticism as Diderot was of Realism, in France. Rousseau might be defined as the "chrysalis state" of Chateaubriand and St. Pierre, for out of him these brilliant butterflies were born and first described for France the glories of foreign landscapes. André Chénier then appears in the late eighteenth century as a Greek born out of his time, the regenerator of verse, who was the only artist in it since the grand age, who renovated versification, restored the Alexandrine and yet gave an exquisite Romantic accent to his Greek shepherds and shepherdesses.

The immense place which M. Pellissier ascribes to Mme. de Staél and her "Europeanism" really makes her, however, the leader of the new era—the "Feminine Principle" (according to Mr. Allen) that fructifies all others, in the old Germanic mythologies. Her hospitable mind was cosmopolitan in its breadth, embraced German ("De l'Allemagne") and Italian ("Corinne") influences, and introduced what he calls the "septentrional spirit" into France. She was a great thinker but a mediocre writer. She renewed art, religion, criticism, and she possessed a style which was a sort of improvisation.

Then came the great traveller, prose-poet, archaeologist, artist Chateaubriand, with his "decorative conception of Christianity," his exquisite style, his marvellous eloquence bearing down all before it with his Renés, and his Atalas and his Matyrs, his pathos and passion of word and thought, the literary monarch of France for fifty years.

At his feet lay and brooded Victor Hugo, the passionate Paul and apostle of Romanticism, the "sublime child" who lived to displace and discrown the master he had loved and imitated. Of him M. Pellissier gives an admirable account. The school he founded freed art from formulas, favored the reminiscence of the Greek spirit, gave complete liberty to artistic expression, accepted Beauty in all its forms, rejected the iron-clad restraints of Classicism, restored the claims of the imagination, and represented liberalism in art. Hugo is preëminently the "worker in words," the inventor of new meters, the alterer of the interior structure of the old classical Alexandrine of Malherbe and Boileau, the man of sublimated ear who detected multitudinous Æolian harmonies all about him, and reproduced them in verse. New discoveries of harmony came in the persons of Lamartine and de Vigny, mellifluous artists whose lips dripped with the honey of optimism and idealism. Ste. Beuve, de Musset, Gautier, followed, introducing new ingenuities and refinements of style preparatory to the "Decadents" of our day. Emotion, pessimism, scepticism, affectations of speech and manner, love, debauchery, adoration for the beautiful, mingle in two of these gifted men; while in Gautier the superstitious cult of mere exquisiteness in words revived the theory of "Art for art's sake." In the great dramas of Hugo, de Vigny and Dumas Romanticism culminates, to be succeeded by the exhaustless comedy of Scribe.

The Romantic movement renews history: Thierry, Guizot, Michelet, Thiers, follow in the wake of Sir Walter Scott and "Notre Dame de Paris." Criticism follows suit, and a new and pregnant school springs up in Villemain, Nisard, Ste. Beuve. George Sand with her magic style follows Hugo and the rest as the progenitor of Realism in the novel; Mérimée takes up the pen fallen from the fingers of Stendhal, and Balzac, the matchless *bourgeois*, always hungering and thirsting after the upper heavens which he can never enter except by divination, appears with hands full of wonderful words and situations and tragedies. Romanticism, a "condition of the soul," evolves Realism, a picture of life as it is. Victor Hugo created a cult for form in which he is deified by impassioned disciples like Banville, Gautier, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle with his noble poetic Buddhism, and his pupil, the charming Cuban, Heredia: "Parnassians," "Impossibles" as some of them are called in their later chameleon changes. Some are magicians; some are philosophers; some worship personality and mysticism; some burn incense to Sinai, some to Olympus: all fall on their knees to rhythm, light, perfume, beauty, as symbols of blessedness. Late in the century came Flaubert and Zola and Daudet, full of the *mal du siècle*, a "Naturalistic" S'noon consorting with guilt, moral obliquity, realism raving after the merely nude.

All these "schools" and schisms and evolutions are graphically disentangled from one another in a masterful way, and their sutures and seams of jointure are revealed to the reader as an intensely interesting psychological drama.

called "French Literature." The French clearness of mind and the French logic appear persuasively in these pages; the large outlines of the immense intellectual movement in contemporary France emerge saliently from the background; and the reader closes the book profoundly interested in what he has read and eager to pursue the subject.

"Cabot's Discovery of North America"

By G. E. Weare. J. B. Lippincott Co.

IN THE LIGHT of the fact that the Arran Islanders believe that they can see the shores of a "happy isle" rise above the westerly waves, it seems less startling that the early discoverers should have been occupied with thoughts of Plato's lost Atlantis, of a magic "Isle of the Seven Cities," or of that other island which, according to an adventurer's "fish-story," turned out after the celebration of Easter upon it, to be the back of a huge whale. Columbus was determined not to be outdone by Marco Polo, and imbibing dreams of the "lands of the Great Khan" threatened to slit the tongue of anyone of his followers who should deny his discovery, on the island of Cuba, of the main continent of Asia. Thus was the progress of geography balked. Both Columbus and John Cabot died in ignorance of their actual accomplishments, and strangely the latter's have been relegated to obscurity for several centuries. According to Mr. Weare, he was a man capable of working out a problem on original, if mistaken, lines of thought, and set out with no less laudable a purpose than that of finding the land "where the spices came from." Eleven months before Columbus went on his third expedition, in the course of which he sighted a portion of the continent of South America, John Cabot in his little vessel "The Matthew" of Bristol discovered the mainland of North America. Precisely where the banner of St. George was first planted, is the question which has been agitating the Cabotites bent on a quadri-centennial celebration of the event, and concerning which, unhappily, Mr. Weare is unable to afford any definite information, although it appears that the Royal Historical Society of Canada leans toward the selection of the easternmost point of Cape Breton, or perhaps Sydney, as sufficiently near the landfall, unrefrained and remote, for the obsequious observance of this love-feast. It must be a source of unalloyed satisfaction to the citizens of Bristol, that that town sent the Genoese forth on his perilous enterprise, and that they have already erected a "lookout" tower in his memory. The destination of Cabot's second voyage, and indeed the question of his return to England, is so shrouded in uncertainty that the services of the most reverent relic-hunter or iconoclast must be regarded as supererogatory. Mr. Weare has devoted considerable space to ferreting out Sebastian Cabot's lies about his own birthplace and the importance of his own achievements. There can be little doubt that Sebastian was a diplomatic old trickster, who made the most of his few exploits and palmed off on his contemporaries pretentious names and novel maps in lieu of deeds. In this he was aided by his friend Peter Martyr, whose account of the voyages we have to read—in which John Cabot is ignored altogether.

Mr. Weare's book is a compilation of documents and evidence, embracing nearly everything that has been written about the Cabots from their day to this. His apparent object is to introduce us directly to the historical materials on which his enquiry is based, rather than to a history. Hakluyt and John Stow, Tarducci and Ramusio, Harrisse and Drs. Fiske and Winsor, contribute largely to the volume, and one opens at random upon Italian, Latin, or Spanish, all of which are translated, however. What may be the literary or popular value of such a treatise, it would be ungracious to say. Better perhaps to recall the words of Sienkiewicz's Josef Sniatynski, that "a man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders a service to future psychologists and writers, giving them not only a faithful picture of the times, but like-

wise human documents that can be relied upon." Thus considered, Mr. Weare's book about the Cabots and Mr. Donaldson's about Whitman in their way serve an estimable purpose.

"Fleet Street Eclogues"

By John Davidson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THAT THERE is something wrong with the literary atmosphere of London is the conclusion that one naturally comes to on reading Mr. John Davidson's "Fleet Street Eclogues." The poet-journalists who fill the roles of Tityrus and Meliboeus, and the rest, do little but rail at the world, at their trade and at themselves. The newspapers, they say, drive them to spend their "virtue" in "drivel," and offer them no road to success but "the traffic in lies." Brian and Sandy, and Menzies and Basil, though able, it appears, to take monthly trips to the country and to regale one another with a great variety of liquid refreshments, are a set of chronic grumbler, who bemoan their fate in having to write about books that will never be read, or appeal to the heavenly powers of culture to save them from the "devil's din" of London. The most interesting of the lot is the decadent, Ninian, who, between long-drawn, melodious moans about his own degeneracy, indulges in gorgeous though formless visions of almost Hebraic splendor and magnificence. The others occasionally vary their diatribes against the modern Babylon with praises of primroses and pastoral ditties that remind one of the music-hall more than of the country. Their air of self-depreciation gives place every now and then to a weak assumption of confidence or complacency. But why should they think it necessary to apologize for or explain the smallness of their performance? Why make such a fuss about it? From those to whom but little has been given not much is expected. We should like to say to the originals of these young penmen, who, doubtless, have an actual existence somewhere in London scribblerdom: If you are of such small account and know it, by all means keep the knowledge to yourselves. It interests no one else.

As for Mr. Davidson, he is far too clever to permit himself to be smothered in the bedraggled skirts of the modern Scarlet Lady. He should come here and celebrate American journalism and triumphant democracy. He should invite "The Ballad of the Beat," "An Ode to the Ad," and pen an epic lay of the glorious strife between Capital and Labor, a poem in many cantos of strikes and lockouts, of spies and walking delegates, of trusts and trades-unions. Here is his opportunity. Here the very elements that in England fester and generate disease are blown about and enter into all sorts of unexpected combinations, such as might well keep the poet's enthusiasm forever at the top notch and the rhyming dictionary forever at his elbow.

"The Story of an Untold Love"

By Paul Leicester Ford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THIS IS A SORT of obverse of "The Honorable Peter Stirling." In lieu of caucuses and saloons, varied by incursions into the higher walks of society, "The Story of an Untold Love" is one of literature, journalism and foreign travel. But when Mr. Ford gets his hero and heroine back on their native heath he is obviously more at ease, especially as it gives him a chance to introduce Mr. Whately, who is as rich and suggestive in his way as Silas Lapham, with perhaps a slight dash of the nerve and chicanery of Bartley Hubbard; indeed, with much more than a slight dash of nerve and chicanery of some kind. Every journalist of experience will recognize some old acquaintance in Whately. He belongs in the business office, but would fain spread himself like a literary peacock all over the surface of the paper and use every man's brains, especially the brains of the brightest of all of them—the hero, Rudolph Hartzmann, alias Don Maitland. Dr. Hartzmann is a modern Don Quixote in literature. Perhaps the author intended deftly to compliment the

memory of Sir Walter Scott and the actual heroism of Mark Twain as conscientious debt payers. But neither Walter Scott nor Mr. Clemens had a prospective wife at stake in the matter, and Don Maitland's conscience would have led to the final lesion of his heart but for the practical and noble *Mecænas* in the shape of Mr. Blodgett. Here Mr. Ford has painted the gradgrind American at his best, and thus done justice to a type of the American business man which is far from rare, though often ill appreciated.

Mr. Whately, who fascinates us in spite of his repulsiveness, may be an exaggeration. Surely, not every business man with literary ambition would have the sublime nerve which he manifests. Undoubtedly, many a poor struggling author would be only too glad to do a little hack work of this kind—even his best hack work—for the much needed *quid pro quo*. Not even Mr. Blodgett finds that Mr. Whately is very illiberal. But Hartzmann, alias Maitland, wants fame as well as money, and who shall blame him? The editorial writer cannot, and should not, expect to have his name blazoned under every separate article. Still, having to write a learned book and see his employer's name signed to it, is a little steep. It would argue a good deal of exalted altruism, or else a sharp goad on the part of the *res angusta domi!*

Totally unlike Mr. Ford's masterpiece "Peter Stirling," less of an appeal to the many, yet a truly fascinating study for journalists and men-of-letters, "The Story of an Untold Love" will hardly lack for readers. The fact that it is told in the form of a diary addressed to the woman whom the writer finally weds, may be a little puzzling at first; but everything unravels itself in good time and everybody is happy except poor Whately, whose name on Hartzmann's book is poor consolation, after all, for losing his literary staff and crutch and seeing the latter left in permanent possession of the heroine also.

"American Nobility"

By Pierre de Couleuvain. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS NOVEL by a Frenchwoman, which was translated into English before it had run its serial course in *Le Temps*, is remarkable even more for its scope than for its actual performance. The outcome of long and close observation, it bears in its construction and moral the stamp of conflicting nationalities, and of far differing schools in modern fiction. It is a remarkable book, and one that all women of the American upper classes will do well to read. All women we say, and we may add all girls, since the American girl reads everything and is benefited thereby intellectually without being harmed morally. The theme of the novel is old—the international marriage with its good and evil sides; but the treatment is new, and we venture to say far truer than any that has preceded it.

Several years ago M. Bourget made an even more ambitious attempt in *Cosmopolis*, in which he tried to sketch the brilliant international upper crust of the great European centres, which is more or less in "society," but not always of it—and failed. The writer who hides behind the pen-name of Pierre de Couleuvain restricts herself to Americans and French people, and comes much nearer success. In fact, she has succeeded, for she gives the reader who has puzzled and philosophized on his own account, a fairly reliable point of departure in the clearly outlined difference between the mental, moral,—aye, and physical—make-up of the American woman and her French sister, and, though no American man enters into the plot of her story, between him and the Frenchman as well. It may be observed here, *en passant*, that the American woman is not so simple a problem to the foreigner as she is to the American, because the latter unquestioningly accepts her as she is and can see no flaws nor causes for speculation.

Technically speaking, the book has many faults. First of all, the author's trick of presenting to the reader the results of the psychological method without its preceding line of

delicate reasoning is sometimes startling. Again, the episode of the duel reminds us too strongly of "Le Maître de Forges," and is, moreover, made ineffective by the unavoidable sense of burlesque which is associated in the American mind with the French duel as practiced by journalists and politicians; of the serious duels it knows nothing. And, finally, though she may know the Faubourg St. Germain as well as she claims to do, her pictures of it do not bear out that claim. But these are flaws that it is easy to forgive. Taken all together, "American Nobility" is a remarkable performance, one that was well worth translating. (See p. 253.)

Temple Volumes

1. *The Temple Classics.* 2. *The Temple Dramatists.* *The Macmillan Co.*

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS is a series of reprints edited by Mr. Golancz, and published in a style much like that of the dainty Temple Shakespeare. The page is longer and narrower, the binding slightly different, and the typography somewhat varied, but equally tasteful. Thirteen volumes have already appeared: Bacon's "Essays," reprinted from the edition of 1625, with an Index of Quotations (translated), and a Glossary; "The Last Essays of Elia," with carefully revised text and marginalia, and 24 pages of judicious notes by W. Y. Craig, A. M.; Southey's "Life of Nelson," with bibliographical notes and a table of events in the life of the great admiral; and Part I. of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," containing the first seven books, from Caxton's text, with the spelling and punctuation modernized. A glossary of archaic words is appended. The work will be completed in four volumes.

Carlyle's "French Revolution" has been put into three of the volumes of about 360 pages each, including compact but comprehensive notes. The frontispieces are photogravures of portraits of Carlyle (by Watts), Mirabeau and Danton. A new edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will occupy six volumes, edited by Mr. Arnold Glover, who adds marginalia notes at the end of each volume, and a chronological table at the end of Vol. VI. The notes of Malone, Chalmers, Blakenay, Kearney, and others are inserted at the foot of the page. Altogether the edition will be as complete as it is compact. The frontispieces are portraits of Johnson, views of localities connected with his life, etc.

It is pleasant to have these classics in this compact and attractive shape—really "pocket" volumes, yet in legible type and furnished with all the supplementary matter the average reader or student could desire, and thoroughly scholarly withal. We predict for the series a popularity not inferior to that of the Shakespeare, which has been one of the most successful editions of the dramatist ever issued.

Several new issues of the "Temple Dramatists" have appeared since we noticed the initial volume of the series. "Arden of Feversham," edited by the Rev. Ronald Bayne, is chiefly interesting as having been ascribed to Shakespeare by some critics, though we believe that the present editor is right in taking the ground that it was none of his. Indeed the only reason for assigning it to him is its merits and the difficulty of tracing it to any other writer of the time. It is, in Mr. Bayne's opinion, "the finest extant specimen of a kind of play which has been classified as Domestic Tragedy." It was founded upon a sensational murder in 1550, which gave rise to popular ballads and pamphlets, was included in Holinshed's Chronicle, and was dramatized several times.

Marlowe's "Edward II." is edited by Mr. A. W. Verity, who did some good work on the Henry Irving edition of Shakespeare. It is one of the last of Marlowe's works, and perhaps his best; and it has an added interest from its perplexed relations to the two old plays upon which the second and third parts of "Henry VI" were based, and also from its supposed influence upon "Richard II," the character and history of that King being in many respects like those of Edward II.

Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" is edited by Dr. W. M. Dixon. It was probably the first of his plays, and is one of the best. It is "one of the earliest English comedies which attempts to secure interest in character rather than in plot and incident."

"Edward III," first published in 1596, has often been attributed, wholly or in part, to Shakespeare, and is included in some of the modern editions of the dramatist. It was inserted as his in a list of plays printed as early as 1656, but this is of no critical significance. Capell, in 1760, published it in his "Prolusioner, or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry," as "a play thought to be written by Shakespeare," but hesitated to express a positive opinion as to

its authorship. Recent editors and critics, with few exceptions, are disinclined to ascribe the whole play to Shakespeare; but a considerable number of them believe that he wrote the episode of the love of Edward for the Countess of Salisbury. This is vastly superior in style and characterization to the rest of the play, which is in nowise a remarkable production, though some excellent judges think they recognize his hand in scattered passages, aside from the episode just mentioned. Poet critics, like others, are divided in their opinions, Tennyson believing that "a great deal of it is Shakespeare's," while Swinburne is confident that he did not write a line of it. A point in favor of the theory that he wrote the love-episode is the difficulty of assigning that part of the play to any other writer of the times.

Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness" is one of the earliest and most notable examples of what the editor, Mr. A. W. Ward, calls "the domestic drama of sentiment." It was first printed in 1607, but was written as early as 1602.

Another new volume in this series is "The Merry Devil of Education," first published in 1608, but referred to in a book printed in 1604, and probably written about 1600. It is one of the plays formerly ascribed to Shakespeare, but no respectable critic nowadays, so far as we are aware, believes it to be his. Drayton and Heywood have also been named as its possible authors, but on no authority or evidence worthy of consideration. It was one of the most popular comedies of its period. Ben Jonson, in the prologue to "The Devil is an Ass," refers to it thus:—

"If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, the Devil of Edmonton."

Mr. Hugh Walker, in his introduction to the present edition, aptly characterizes it as "a happy, lively romance, full of honest fun, and free from nearly everything that can be stigmatized as addressed to coarser tastes and passions."

"The School for Scandal," well edited with introduction and notes, including some "variorum" readings, by Mr. G. A. Aitken, has also been included in this attractive series, each volume of which contains, besides the scholarly introduction, a full glossary and a few pages of notes.

We are gratified to know that the issues in this series are not to be restricted to the Elizabethan drama.

Three Books Relating to the Sea

1. *The Naval Engagements of the War of 1812.* By James Barnes. Harper & Bros.
2. *Midshipman Farragut.* By James Barnes. D. Appleton & Co.
3. *A History of the Administration of the Royal Navy and of Merchant Shipping in Relation to the Navy. Vol. I.* By M. Oppenheim. John Lane.

THE NAVAL CAMPAIGNS of 1812-15 have not yet been exhausted by the historical student. Not only to our friends across the sea, but even to the cool-headed American it seems almost incredible that comparatively inexperienced American commanders and crews could have won so many victories over the naval forces of Great Britain. What with the tendency of the popular sailors' and landsmen's songs and of our ultra-patriotic press to exaggerate, the scholar and author are more than ever bound to hold closely to the facts. This was handsomely done once by Theodore Roosevelt. It is now handsomely done again, upon the basis of original documents and investigation (1). Many of these papers, nineteen in number, appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. On reading them then we noticed the firm touch of one who had made sure of his facts. Handsomely illustrated as were the papers then, in black and white, they are now more strikingly embellished with twenty-one illustrations in color by Carleton T. Chapman, reproducing to the life the old frigates, brigs and privateers. Added to these are fine reproductions of the medals presented by Congress to our naval heroes. Mr. Barnes's style is terse and full of movement, and he knows well how to omit the verbiage through which one must go who reads either in the United States naval archives at Washington, or through the great library of naval books such as are collected there under the auspices of Prof. J. R. Soley. Mr. Barnes does not neglect the great work done by the privateers. His accounts of the battles on lakes Erie and Champlain, though dealing with events often before narrated, are thoroughly readable. Both in the preface and in the general spirit of his book the author is just to those who were once our enemies but who to-day, we trust, are both by nature and inheritance our friends.

Taking for his subject the boyhood days of a famous admiral of our Navy, Mr. Barnes shows in "Midshipman Farragut" (2) how the boy David Glasgow Farragut prepared for Mobile and New Orleans.

He began naval life as a midshipman under Commodore Porter and, on the triumphant decks of the old frigate Essex, had unusual experiences of travel, seamanship and navigation, battle tactics, victory and misfortune. The story of the cruise of the Essex and her final capture by the Phœbe and Cherub is retold with many an anecdote. It was those hardships, sufferings and responsibilities, thrust upon him at so tender an age, that helped to make the future sea king.

Naval men will be interested in Mr. Oppenheim's history of the Royal Navy, the first volume of which has just appeared (3). It treats of the period from 1509 to 1660, though a long introduction pictures naval evolution previous to these dates. This may be called an inside history of the British Navy. It goes into a great deal of interesting detail about the growth and development of that naval system by which the island empire of Great Britain controls so much of this planet. The text has been wrought from original documents and is a vast mine of information with a few illustrations and an abundance of tables and notes. The subjects treated in the paragraphs are indicated on the margins, thus facilitating reference. Henry VIII was the real founder of what may be called England's power of offense and defense at sea. Before his time, government ships were often hired out to be used on trading voyages, and there was no clear distinction between the navy as a system of floating fortresses and the mercantile marine. Elizabeth also infused new life into the navy, but it was the Reformation that gave England her opportunity as a sea-power. The Pope might parcel out the land of the earth and Spain might dominate in Europe and hold the American continent, but on the waves neither King of Spain nor Pope of Rome could stay the progress of British victory, any more than could Canute keep back the waters of the German Ocean. At first, it must be confessed, the chief work of English naval men was as slave-traders and pirates. Elizabeth especially loved to rob the rich Spanish ships without formally making war. Under James I the navy languished. Under the Commonwealth it flourished again. The curious information about old-time methods of armament, equipment, victualing, punishment and discipline seem very funny now, but there is enough material to supply a whole staff of novelists in spinning out innumerable yarns and romances. Incidentally this book shows the progress of humanity, for some of the ancient methods of life at sea now seem incredible.

"A Pearl of the Realm"

By Anna L. Glyn. Dodd, Mead & Co.

IT WAS five years ago when Miss Glyn published a story about the rescue of a little girl from the proprietor of a traveling theatrical company, and now, in a historical romance of the days of Charles I, the friendship of a fictitious heroine for Queen Henriette Marie furnishes a similar motive, the dread figure in the background being her guardian, Sir David Webster. In a rather extraordinary preface the author says that, whatever may be her literary shortcomings, she has done her best to subordinate fiction to facts; and through a citation from the manuscript of the Earl of Arundel she intimates that Nonsuch Palace, rather than little Margerie, was the pearl of the realm. The story, however, belies the latter statement, for, amid much undigested historical material and a multitude of details, Margerie evinces a pluck and sprightliness that, despite her heavenly goodness, win the friendship of the reader as they do that of every noble heart in the tale. Miss Glyn has taken great pains to reproduce the speech and customs of the time. That she has given her work an atmosphere of veracity appears in the slight notice one takes of the recurrence of "Zounds" and "The foul fiend take him" (not to mention "Sweetheart," of which there is no end) and in the sudden jar upon the narrative of Randal's concise, latter-day epitome of woe, "I'm in a hole." Conventional trappings are not wanting. There are thwackings, kidnappings, a haunted gallery and a "White Queen" ghost, and through the affronted eyes of Margerie one may view such heathenish devices as the ducking-stool and a bear-baiting. The hero has, temporarily, to choose between the King and right, his mistress taunting him into the bargain, and the heroine between fiery tortures and fidelity to the Queen, whose frequent appearances, it should be added, are the most agreeable part of the story.

New Books and New Editions

"A DESCRIPTION of the Wordsworth and Coleridge Manuscripts in the Possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman," edited, with notes, by Mr. W. Hale White, in an important contribution to the biog-

raphy and bibliography of the two poets. It adds much curious material to the *variae lectiones* of their works, and furnishes new evidence of the intimacy of their friendship and their literary collaboration. The editor says in his preface, that "Professor Knight, in his last edition of Wordsworth's poems has inserted some of the various readings found in the MSS., but "has not in all cases transcribed them correctly, nor is the transcription complete." There are four volumes of these documents, and they include the manuscript "copy" of the greater part of the second (1800) edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" and of a small portion of the first; also the complete MS., of the "Poems" in two volumes of 1807, with many letters of Wordsworth (sometimes in Dorothy's hand) and of Coleridge to Biggs and Cottle, the publishers, memoranda of alteration in "The Ancient Mariner" and other poems, etc. These facsimile reproductions or portions of the MSS. are given: the first, of "The Brothers," with Wordsworth's accompanying letter to Davy; the second of Coleridge's "Love," showing interesting changes made in the poem before it was published; and the third, of parts of the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." The book is a sumptuously printed quarto of 72 pages. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A NEW EDITION of Oscar Fay Adams's "Story of Jane Austen's Life" contains eighteen illustrations and a reduced facsimile of a letter written by her in August 1796. The illustrations include views of Winchester Cathedral, Steventon Manor and Church, Chawton House and a new portrait of Miss Austen. The bibliography of the original edition has been considerably enlarged. Mr. Adams has throughout aimed at drawing a vivid, sympathetic picture of Jane Austen the woman, and, as we said on the first appearance of his book, he has succeeded very well. (Lee & Shepard).—MR. WILLIAM RIDEING'S "Boyhood of Famous Authors," originally published some eleven years ago and long out of print, appears in a new edition, with the addition of interesting autograph letters and contributions by the seventeen authors treated of in the book. The preface promises "portraits" as well as autographs, but the publishers inform us that it was finally decided to give only the portrait of Whittier as a frontispiece, and the necessary modification of the preface was unhappily overlooked. The book is amply entertaining and attractive as it stands. Certain dates, however, shou'd have been revised by the addition of eleven years. For instance, Mr. Aldrich is said to been born "just forty-nine years ago; that is, in 1837," etc. The chapters on Stevenson and Kipling have been substituted for others deemed less interesting, but otherwise the book is a reprint of the first edition. The matter, as originally prepared, was approved by the authors represented, and in most cases they gave Mr. Rideing their assistance. This new issue will be heartily welcomed by the younger public. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE mystic Swatiska is well in place on the cover of Mr. Volney Streamer's compilation from the poets, "Voices of Doubt and Trust." The reader will find himself blown about by all the winds of doctrine, agnostic blasts from Ingersoll and Huxley, and faith-laden breezes from Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Rev. Abram J. Ryan; and it may be hoped that he will enjoy it, and that the collector's "one earnest desire" will be fulfilled, namely, "to give to a larger audience certain of those clear, strong words that have been hitherto sounded for the few only, owing to the manner in which they were published." (Brentano's).—A "GUIDE to the Dutch East Indies," compiled for the Royal Steam Packet Company by Dr. J. F. van Bemmelen, and Lieut.-Col. G. B. Hooyer of the Dutch Indian army, contains a great deal of information that will be welcome to others besides tourists. The Dutch East Indian archipelago is only now beginning to attract the attention of globetrotters; yet for natural beauties and interest of population it stands almost unrivaled. The intending traveler will do well to purchase this book, which is truly useful, though it retains the Dutch value of vowels in its transliteration of Malay and Javanese words, and is printed in a type so small as to make continuous reading a strain on the eyes. It teems with maps, plans, etc. (London: Luzac & Co.)

IF AN author wishes to make himself ridiculous, let him give a reading from his own works. That, at least, is the conclusion to which we are driven by the illustrations drawn from the life in "Authors' Readings." M. Hamlin Garland's impressive bulk is ludicrously unlike the Uncle Ethan Ripley of his recitation, that

the suggestion of a likeness might move the farmer's potatoe bugs to laughter; and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley posing as the nephew of "Old Aunt Mary" in a frock-coat, with an eye-glass and a chrysanthemum in his button-hole, is quite as mirth-provoking a figure. The late Eugene Field dressed and looked more in character when reciting "Little Boy Blue" or "Seen' Things," and his success should suggest to other authors that it might be well, when they give readings, to pay some attention to their make-up. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—THE PRESENT interest in Nansen's polar expedition and its scientific results has prompted Mr. Henry Mellen Prentiss to collect and publish in book-form certain letters and other papers of his concerning the Jeanette expedition and the plans of Lieut. Peary and others for reading the North Pole. The drift of the Jeanette and of the Jeanette relics is said to have suggested Nansen's attempt, and the great Arctic current which Nansen is said to have discovered seems to prove the truth of the theory put forward by Mr. Prentiss many years ago. An appendix contains letters to the author from Mr. (now Sir) Clements Markham and the editor of *The New York Herald*. The volume has been recently printed at the Riverside Press.

IN HIS introduction to "The Chronicles," in the Modern Reader's Bible, Prof. Richard G. Moulton points out that this last volume of the historical series of Biblical works introduces "a great change in the character of the history of Israel as presented by themselves. Previous volumes have followed a chronological succession of events from the creation to the captivity. The Chronicles, it is true, carries forward the narrative to the Return of the Exiles: but this is only a fragment of its purpose, and the whole is presented afresh, from Adam to Nehemiah. And the spirit of the literature is changed from national to ecclesiastical history; the Hebrew people have silently changed into the Jewish Church." (Macmillan Co.)—THE SECOND BOOK of "The Essayes of Michael Lord of Montaigne," translated by John Florio, has been added to the Temple Classics. The frontispiece is an etching of the tower of Montaigne's castle, by H. Crickmore. (Macmillan Co.)—VOLS. V. AND VI. of *The Land of Sunshine* (June 1896—May 1897) contain a wealth of good reading, and of much-needed information about a most interesting section of our country and its inhabitants. The covers of the different numbers constituting the volume—a repetition of the same design in various colors—have been bound in front of the book, except that of the Christmas issue, which confronts the reader after page 254. The illustrations of this periodical are always attractive. (Los Angeles, Cal.: Land of Sunshine Pub. Co.)

VOL. LIII of *The Century* (Nov. 1896—Apr. 1897) has for frontispiece Mr. Cole's excellent wood-engraving of Hogarth's "Shrimp Seller." The text begins appropriately with the article on "Election Day in New York," by Ernest Ingersoll, which is so cleverly illustrated by Jay Hambridge. Among the leading features of this volume we note, in passing, the beginning of Gen. Porter's series of papers, "Campaigning with Grant," of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel of the Revolution, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," land of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's historical romance, "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," with illustrations by Boutet de Monvel; Baron Pierre de Coubertin's article on "The Olympic Games of 1896," and Mr. Bikelas's on "Public Spirit in Modern Athens," both illustrated by Castaigne; Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's paper on "Places in New York" and Helen F. Clarke's on "The Chinese of New York"; an account of "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents," by Joseph B. Bishop; the account of "The Nation's Library," by A. R. Spofford and William A. Coffin, and three papers on Nelson, by Capt. Mahan. The rest of the contents present the usual excellent features in pure literature and art. (The Century Co.)—IN "LAYS AND VERSES" Mr. Nimmo Christie claims a sort of nodding acquaintance with the fairies, which will never deepen, we fear, into intimacy. Still it is pleasant to see the names of Cobweb and of Peasblossom; to read of the Fairy Minister (Rev. Robert Kirk, M.A.) who wrote of the secret commonwealth, and who died on a fairy rath; and of the ship that comes into port by night to carry off from the "lang toon" its dying citizens. Mr. Christie writes smoothly and correctly, whether in Scotch or English, in ballad form, sonnet or rondeau. Besides the fairies he has to tell of Prince Charlie and his men, of Sir Walter and Gil Blas, of nature and the ideal, and gondolas and posies; and of these we cannot hear too often in good set verse. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Lounger

SIR WALTER BESANT has recently had over twenty letters all asking him the same question:—"If critics, educated men, produce judgments so diametrically opposite, what is the use of criticism?" Sir Walter's answer to this seems to me to put the whole thing in a nut-shell. It is that "judgments diametrically opposite cannot proceed from critics who work on any canons of criticism." The only safe way, he adds, "is to follow the example of *The Saturday Review* in 1859 or 1860—namely, to admit on the staff none but scholars and proved writers; and to take the greatest care not to suffer any book to fall into the hands of friend or enemy of the author. *The Critic* of New York," he says, "observes this rule most strictly, and would never allow a man to write a second time who infringed the rule."

SOME MONTHS BEFORE the death of Verlaine a Russian writer had a long conversation with him, in the course of which the poet, speaking of contemporary literature, remarked:—"The decadents have only contributed stuff and nonsense." The conversation turned on politics, and Verlaine told of a workingman who had come to him to suggest a revolution, because the President wore white gaiters. It was explained that the President was obliged to wear white gaiters when receiving Gen. Dragomirov; otherwise the General might think that the country would not let the President have them. The man was not convinced, and on leaving advised his host to write something on revolution. Said Verlaine to M. Gribovski, "Oh, I know that it is advantageous to write about revolution, but what more could it give to this unfortunate man? The hope of seeing his body rotting with others in the streets of Paris? I know what revolution means, and for my part I would rather stay here in my corner." He did not stay there long. Three months after this conversation he was dead.

I HAVE HEARD upon excellent authority that Mr. Carl Schurz has not done any work on his Recollections for a long time, and that the book is practically at a standstill. He is so much absorbed by his editorial writing for *Harper's Weekly*, his Civil Service Reform work and his incessant labors as a good citizen, that it does not look as if the Recollections would ever be finished. If they are not, we shall lose a book that we can ill spare. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Schurz's work, valuable as it is, shou'd be of so ephemeral a nature. He told a friend recently that he worked fifty-six hours a week, of which only eight were devoted to his personal affairs.

SOME YEARS AGO, fired with good intentions, Mr. Schurz determined to live in the country, and to devote his remaining years to literary work. He took a house near Tarrytown, up in the Pocantico hills, and there he lived for five years; but now he has come back to town, because he finds fewer interruptions here than in the country. There visitors came and spent the day, and expected him to spend it with them, while in New York they drop in for only a few minutes, the rest of the time being his own. The country as a place to work in he considers a delusion and a snare. The trouble is that he didn't go far enough away. Tarrytown is within too easy reach of New York. For real retirement, he should have gone a day's journey, instead of less than an hour's ride from town.

MISS GUSHINGTON:—"How I envy you, Mr. Cuttemup. It must be lovely to be a critic. You read all the new books, don't you?"

CUTTEMUP (with dignity):—"I don't *read* books, Miss Gushington; I *review* them!"

ALTHOUGH SHE REFUSES to permit the public to see her photograph, Miss Marie Corelli does not object to an oil painting of herself being placed on exhibition. There may be method in this madness, for a painter can indulge in idealization that would be impossible to a photographer. Be this as it may, the painting is now to be seen in a London gallery on the payment of one shilling. It hangs in solitary state in a dim religious light, and the curious visitor tiptoes into the room with bated breath. The only thing omitted to give the proper melodramatic effect is "slow music," and Miss Corelli should see to it that her press agent does not neglect to supply this important omission.

A STATUE TO Guy de Maupassant is hereafter to adorn the Parc Monceau, the prettiest of the small parks of Paris. M. Zola was chosen to make the principal address at the unveiling, and all the literary and artistic world of the French capital manifested its interest.

WHILE FRANCE is erecting a monument to Maupassant, England is neglecting the grave of Lamb. An admirer of the gentle "Elia" writes to an English journal:—

"For a long past it has been my custom to visit, once a year, Edmonton Churchyard, and to view the resting-place of Charles Lamb. The quotation 'lies apart from the great city' is no longer applicable to Lamb's resting-place, for London has now crept up to Edmonton and surrounded it; and as for his grave, only those who know it well can succeed in finding it, surrounded and over-towered as it is by other graves. Its condition, when found, is not satisfactory, and something should be done to put it into at least decent order."

MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH says that he has "only one serious complaint to make of 'The Choir Invisible,'" which is "that it was not written by a woman"; but, he adds, "I make this complaint merely out of personal pique, and because, without the guidance of the author's name on the title-page, I had blundered into the confident assertion that this was a woman's novel." Mr. Couch rightly says that he "blundered" when he called "The Choir Invisible" a woman's novel. A woman might have created John Gray, but no woman that ever lived would have made a heroine of Mrs. Falconer. The theme of the story, as Mr. Allen must grow tired of being reminded, "is a variant of Thackeray's 'Esmond,' and its treatment has just that touch of hardness which Thackeray did not employ, but which we might confidently have expected had a woman taken Beatrix in hand." "Oddly enough," adds Mr. Couch, "the femininity of the book does not stop here. The hero—John Gray—is a mighty fine fellow, and fights a panther single-handed and without weapons: and yet, as Stevenson said of George Eliot's men, one cannot help suspecting he has a comb at the back of his head."

In the case of the latter was it not a cock's-comb that Stevenson detected? Certainly Adam Bede wore no feminine adornment.

The New York Times contained last Sunday an interesting article on Venice in Summer by Miss Julia de Kay. Miss de Kay contends that Venice is as healthful in summer as it is delightful. She scorns the idea of the singing gondolier and relegates him to the realm of fiction. During the time she was in Venice, she heard but one; she was glad of it, too, for his voice was harsh and unsympathetic. The friend with whom Miss de Kay stayed in Venice has lived there for twenty years. She does not say so, but I happen to know that this friend is her sister, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, to whom Browning dedicated his last volume of poems, "Asolando." Mrs. Bronson's palace stands facing the Church of the Salute, on the Grand Canal. "Here," says Miss de Kay, "Robert Browning and his sister were welcome and honored guests. The chair in which the great poet used to sit has a chain

and padlock across it, in order that no mere mortal should ever seat himself in the chair made sacred by the greatest of England's bards."

"Here Henry James comes always when he is in Venice. Here Mme. Duse forgets to be melancholy and lets her charming real self be seen, her dark eyes glowing and her pale cheeks flushing as she chats in her own silvery tongue, which our hostesses speak like natives. Duse lives in a fine old palazzo on the Grand Canal, on the top floor, way up in the sky, for the great actress is very saving, because she has a little daughter to whose education her life is devoted. She is much prettier off the stage than on, for her changing color and sympathetic manner make her most fascinating. She looks prettiest, I think, in her bathing dress of black silk, with red kerchief on her head and about her neck, her hair curling about her brow in dear little rings."

SIR HENRY IRVING is visited almost daily by maniacs, bent on showing him some new way of reciting. Sir Henry listens with angelic patience, and then turns them over to Miss Terry, who is fond of harmless cranks. The most amusing of these was one who recited Thompson's "Seasons" entirely by facial expression. Miss Terry gave the visitor a seat directly opposite her, and he proceeded, with disconcerting rapidity, to make the most extraordinary grimaces that ever convulsed a human face. Sunlight, rain, thunder and lightning, which play so large a part in the work of the poet, passed successively over the agitated features of his interpreter. Miss Terry was "all eyes." She soon lost the thread of the discourse, however, and had to get a volume of "The Seasons" from her library, before the recitation could be continued.

MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS, author, explorer, and editor of *The Land of Sunshine* (Los Angeles), is having no end of fun with Prof. William Libbey of Princeton. Some time ago, Mr. Lummis published an ancient tradition of the Acoma Indians to the effect that their forefathers had once dwelt upon a tableland, not many acres in extent, situated in a lovely valley of western New Mexico, and known as the Enchanted Mesa. Prof. Libbey was sceptical. Procuring a mortar, a rope and a boatswain's chair, he put himself at the head of a little expedition, and with a companion no better versed in Indian archaeology than himself, succeeded in scaling the otherwise inaccessible cliff. Three hours' inspection convinced him that there was nothing in the old legend about the former occupation of the tableland, and he so declared to a public as sceptical as himself. But now (largely at Mr. Lummis's instance) Mr. Frederick Webb Hodge of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, a recognized authority on southwestern archaeology, has climbed the cliff, spent twenty-four hours on its summit, and descended to assure the scientific world that the evidences of former occupation are absolutely indisputable. Hence Mr. Lummis's not unnatural laughter.

THE FOLLOWING STORY of Arnold Boëchlin, the Swiss painter, is told in the German papers. In the early part of his career, he was commissioned to paint a "still-life" for an art-lover of Bâle. The picture, consisting of several sorts of fruit, among them a large melon, was refused. The painter took it home, and wishing to utilize the canvas began to scrape it with a knife. The small fruits rapidly disappeared, but when it came to scraping the melon, Boëchlin stopped, feeling as if he were about to commit homicide. He had not the courage to accomplish the sacrifice. A bright idea dawned on him. He seized a brush, and turned the melon into a siren swimming under water. The effect produced seemed to the artist wonderful. Since then he has painted many sirens, but his favorite is the one that came, many years ago, from an idealized melon.

THE PORTRAIT embedded in this paragraph will be recognized at a glance as that of Mr. Poultny Bigelow, whose interesting volume on "White Man's Africa," recently issued by the Harpers,

is reviewed on page 244. It is a speaking likeness, and will probably be as good ten years hence as it is now, for Mr. Bigelow's face is one that changes little with the flight of time. As he looks to-day, he looked ten years ago, and will doubtless look for many years to come. But while Mr. Bigelow's face remains the same, his views are not always unalterable; as witness his present attitude toward his old friend and playmate, the Emperor of Germany. To read his weekly budget of notes from Berlin in *Harper's Weekly*, one would nev-

er suspect that the author is known to His Imperial Highness as "Poultny," and is addressed in return as "Kaiser." Such, at least, used to be the terms on which they met. Now it may be different. It really would seem, from the way Mr. Bigelow writes of things Germanic, and even of things imperial, as if the Kaiser and he were out. But, maybe, this is only his way of dissembling his love. If so, it is a much milder one than kicking a friar downstairs.

MR. WHISTLER has been snubbed by the Royal Academy! A few days ago some one in Italy sent to the artist a business circular, addressing it to him at "The Academy, England." The post-office people added to the address the words, "Burlington House," and the postman took it there. But Burlington House declined to receive it, and wrote on the envelope, "Not known at the R. A." It finally reached its destination, and its vicissitudes so amused the famous if eccentric painter that he sent the envelope to *The Daily Mail*, in whose columns it was reproduced, with this note:—"SIR: In these days of doubtful frequentations, it is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited, official, and final certificate of character. And I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. McNeill Whistler."

A READER IN THIS CITY sends me a copy of the Tincie (Alabama) *Eagle*. It is a rare bird among newspapers. A large part of its four pages is filled with local news from neighboring places. From Perdue Hill, for instance, comes intelligence of a "disastrous fire." "The first to loose" was Mr. L. W. Lorklin. "He lost 4 mules, two head of horses, 3rd Cows and one Calf. These were entirely cremated."

"It was a distressing scene to hear the poor frightened animals of the neighboring stock rushing, neighing and lowing in fright and distress, at the distress of those in the flames. The firm of Mr. R. L. Lawrey, was entirely consumed; his book-keeper, Mr. J. Coxwell, come near loosing his life. The excitement paralyzed him; and to reach him the doors were broken open and strong bore him to a place of safety; there to remain until he could be cared for. The Post-Office was also destroyed. The Postmaster, J. K. Agee, succeeded in saving every-thing belonging to the Post-Office Department. The grain room of Mr. Geo Staffice was damaged greatly by the flames; but willing hands succeeded in extinguishing the flames before his firm was seriously damaged. Mr. Lawrey, also had his property insured."

There is a column of "Don'ts for Writers" in the *Eagle*. One of them reads: "Don't write funny articles unless you can't help it."



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW

Mr. Lang on "The Christian"

HAVING NO other book to write about in the October *Cosmopolis*, Mr. Andrew Lang pays his respects (with due apologies to his readers) to Mr. Hall Caine's latest romance. We quote a part of what he is moved to say:

"One cannot follow the windings of this deplorable romance, but one may offer a few examples of Mr. Caine's observations on life. I do not say that he is wrong, or has no warrant in the 'diaries, letters, memoirs, sermons and speeches,' which are his *Quellen*. I have seen things otherwise, that is all. * * * 'The facade of nearly every club facing the Park' in Piccadilly flares with electric light, while the young members stand wantonly on the steps criticising the poor street girls. This exhibition I have never beheld, though not wholly unacquainted with clubs. The rooms are crowded at a great house in Belgravia Square, though 'it was not yet ten o'clock,' and everybody, in the nature of things, must have been at dinner. 'Statesmen and diplomats came first,' and 'the crush was densest in the refreshment-room.' Nobody had dined, perhaps. An old Scots lady calls a holiday 'a holly'; what manner of Scots is this? A young man of fashion 'dines with a group of Civil servants at his club in St. James's Street,' and is bantered for leaving 'at a quarter to eight.' He meets Glory at night by the pond in St. James's Park, 'a fragrant mist came up from the lake,' an odd phenomenon. 'The frogs kept croaking at the margin of the lake, disturbed by their footsteps.' Do frogs croak, on autumn nights, beside metropolitan lakes? Canon Wealthy, the Charles Honeyman of the novel, wishing to palliate Storm's sermon, calls it 'a little youthful *esprit fort*.' The Canon quoted Dante in the original, and ought to have known what *un esprit fort* means.

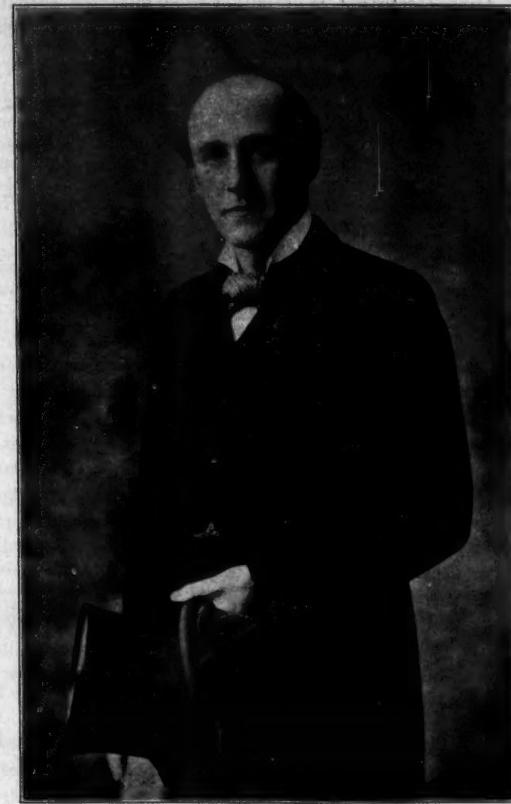
"The book is a noisy, tedious thing of froth, not of fire. It glares with patches of 'local color.' When one knows anything of the life described, one recognizes the falseness of the pictures, and distrusts the pictures of the life one does not know. If a foreign reader takes up the book, let him not believe, in spite of such applause as it may win, that this is the kind of literature which men of letters in England delight to honor. The moral purpose and the art, like that of a flamboyant 'poster,' may charm the illiterate, and the press may be as complaisant as usual; but literature has no concern with such work as 'The Christian,' nor true religion and undefiled with the hero."

Mr. Hope as a Lecturer

THE CREATOR of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—one of the most popular characters in modern fiction—made his first bow to a New York audience at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday morning, Nov. 25. A crowded house greeted him with appreciation and applause. His selections were taken from "The Prisoner," "The Dolly Dialogues" and "The Heart of Princess Osra." On Tuesday afternoon and again on Wednesday he gave further readings, including on these dates, scenes from "Phroso," as well as from his earlier writings. The favorite selections, so far, have been those from "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Dolly Dialogues." Mr. Hope, to give him his pen-name, speaks clearly and distinctly, with, of course, a decidedly English pronunciation and intonation, but without an exaggeration of either. One is reminded of the late Mr. Eugene Field by his appearance on the platform; a closer examination of his features, however, quite dispels the likeness.

"Mr. Hawkins," says I. N. F. in his London Letter to the *Tribune*, "is in the prime of manhood, and one of the most popular figures in literary London. Born in 1863, the son of a clergyman, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, who is now the vicar of the beautiful old Church of St. Bride's, near Fleet Street, he was educated at Oxford, where he took high honors and was president of the University Society. He studied law at the Middle Temple and became a barrister in 1887, remaining in practice about seven years, until his success as a man of letters enabled him to abandon a less congenial profession. His first book was published in 1890, and his literary reputation was made with amazing rapidity after the publication of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' He contested a seat for Parliament as a Liberal in 1892, but was unsuccessful. This was, perhaps, a stroke of good fortune, since it left him free to devote his energies exclusively to literature.

"Mr. Hawkins has [writing] quarters in Buckingham Street, off the Strand, but he is a prominent member of the Reform Club, where he is constantly seen, and great favorite in society, where he is liked for his dignity, modesty and genial qualities. Few men



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CRITIC"

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MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

of letters have a better social standing in London or are held in higher esteem. He is fond of the theatre, and is one of the most enthusiastic 'first-nighters.' He is also a good after-dinner speaker, whose services are frequently in demand. Indeed, he is one of the few literary men in London who can speak fluently in a clear, resonant voice. Mr. Hawkins gave last spring a reading from his own works at one of the great houses, for a charitable purpose, and delighted a fashionable audience. He speaks with shyness and misgivings of his experiment in America, but his lack of confidence is not shared by his friends, who are convinced that he will offer his audiences there rare entertainment."

Mrs. Browning's Letters

GREAT EXPECTATIONS will be aroused, and no matter how great, they will not be disappointed by "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," which the Macmillan Co. will publish next week. These letters are edited with biographical additions by Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon and are in two volumes, which, though small as to the size of page, contain almost as much matter as the large Tennyson volumes. This collection of letters has been made so that all lovers of English literature may become better acquainted with "two of the most interesting literary characters of the Victorian age." It is a selection from a large mass of correspondence covering all periods of Mrs. Browning's life, which Mr. Browning, after his wife's death, reclaimed from the friends to whom they had been written, or from their representatives. Mr. Kenyon has no doubt but that Mr. Browning's primary object was to prevent publication "which would have been excessively distressing to his feelings"; but the letters when once thus collected were not destroyed (as was the case with many of his own letters), but carefully preserved, and so passed into the possession of his son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, with whose consent they are now published. In the course of the letters Mrs. Browning tells the story of her elopement with Mr. Browning. She also writes of the interesting men and women of letters and of art with whom she was associated during her happy married life.

Notes from Paris.

IN A RECENT number of the *Revue de Paris* is a remarkable article by that distinguished French statesman, the late Jules Ferry, which might have been entitled "The Philosophy of the History of the Third Republic." The editor of the periodical says in a foot-note:—"This paper, which was written in 1890 and left unfinished, was intended for *The North American Review*." It was at my suggestion that M. Ferry was invited to prepare this essay. On July 10, 1890, he wrote me—I have the note before me now—from his St. Dié home:—"I am completely absorbed in my work for *The North American Review*. The great difficulty was to begin it. But now that I have got started, it interests me in the highest degree." I have a strong impression that another letter came shortly afterwards, saying that the task was done and asking how the manuscript should be sent. But I cannot put my hand on this letter and it may be that the article was indeed left in an unfinished state. The reason why it never appeared in *The North American Review* is this: Just as it was being written, M. Ferry was nominated for a seat in the Senate and this essay, which was to have come from a statesman relegated to private life in spite of himself, was now withheld when its author was elected to the Upper Chamber, whose President he was at the moment of his death. Thus, though Mr. Munro's monthly lost a "star contributor," the historical literature of France has gained a notable monograph.

Over a year ago I announced in your columns the completion, by Mlle. A. Favre, of a story whose English title is "American Nobility." The novel is now appearing in the *Temps* over the pen-name of Pierre de Coulevain, and will be published in book form by Ollendorff in November. The Messrs. Scribner bring out the English translation in America. As I have seen only the initial chapters of the tale and as this *Temps* version is also truncated, I hesitate to pass an opinion on this psychological study of a Franco-American marriage. The successful marketing of this manuscript has encouraged the author to try again, and Pierre de Coulevain is engaged on a second story whose heroine, Mlle. Favre remarked to me the other day, is "the American married woman, who comes to Europe for amusement, who plays with fire and gets burnt, as women and children will." [See page 247.]

The Hon. Hannis Taylor has just passed through Paris from Madrid on his way to England, where he will shortly take steamer for home. During his four years in Spain, he has been able to complete the second and final volume of his important work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution." You may remember that the first volume was published about seven years ago and soon became a text-book in several of our universities and law schools. In fact I have heard it said that Mr. Cleveland gave Mr. Taylor the mission to Spain as a sort of recognition of the value of a work on which he had been engaged for twenty years and which is probably the most complete statement of the whole subject so far made within a reasonable compass. Mr. Taylor is now in London giving the final touches to his concluding chapter, which reviews the organic legislation of the last twenty years.

Major Moses P. Handy, the Special Commissioner to the International Exhibition of 1900, informs me that he has taken great care to give the exhibition authorities to understand that the United States hopes to do much better than heretofore in the department of education and the fine arts, and in Group III, which embraces instruments and general processes of letters, sciences and arts. To this end he is already in communication with men prominently identified with educational institutions, with publishers, artists and the patrons of art, and the results of his conferences with them will be embodied in a report to Congress in December, on the preparation of which report Major Handy is already engaged.

Col. T. W. Higginson was here during the first half of the month attending the sittings of the International Oriental Congress, where he represented, as a delegate, the American Oriental Society. During his present sojourn abroad, the first since nineteen years ago, Col. Higginson has been adding new volumes to his collection concerning the History of Woman, deposited some time ago at the Boston Public Library and which already numbers a thousand or more volumes. Among the recent acquisitions is a thin morocco-bound report published at Geneva in 1782 and entitled "De l'Administration des Femmes." The author, Prost de Royer, indulges in exceedingly liberal views in this vigorous plea in favor of what would be called to-day the New Woman. And yet he wrote nearly a decade before the French Revolution and was a Lieutenant-General of Police!

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has arrived in Paris fresh from the Manheim Cure, with a promise from her physician that she will soon be well enough to produce some new poems and stories, which have long been running in her mind. In fact, notwithstanding her illness, Mrs. Moulton is slowly revising a fresh volume of poems.

American university professors have been much in evidence this summer in Europe, and the homeward bound steamers this month have been full of them. Professors Sloane and Cohen of Columbia spent the past year in Paris, as I have already told you, engaged in various kinds of literary work. The latter returned home via Italy and Switzerland, while the former tarried for some time in the last-named country before sailing. I understand that Prof. Sloane's essay on Napoleon, written, as I informed you last spring, for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, will shortly appear in that periodical.

Two Cornell professors have crossed my path during the vacation. Prof. T. F. Crane has been gleaning in the libraries of Italy, Paris and London for the last things on some studies he has been pursuing for many years touching "Conversation in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, in Italy, France and England"—all this, of course, as an expression of culture in the Renaissance.

After finishing the proofs of his second volume of the "Literary History of the American Revolution," Prof. Moses Coit Tyler has just spent seven weeks in England in mere recreation,—ten days in London, as many more in the Isle of Wight, and the rest of the time in going the rounds of the chief cathedral towns, and wandering among the lakes and mountains of "Wordsworthshire."

Prof. William Henry Bishop of Yale has mingled work and pleasure during his bicycle tours this summer through France, England, Switzerland and Holland. He remained a fortnight at Grenoble University, making arrangements for the accommodation there, in connection with University Extension work, for American students bent on French studies. I learn from some of the professors there that he made a very favorable impression at this picturesque university centre.

Mr. William E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent, has been spending two or three weeks here, writing one long illustrated newspaper letter every day. I should add that he was materially aided in accomplishing this literary feat by his son Ellery, a bright Princeton sophomore, who fingers a typewriter with the greatest dexterity. Mr. Curtis has collected valuable material for magazine articles.

I learn that the Mayor of Florence, Marquis Torrigiani, is engaged in taking the preliminary steps for holding next year in that city a grand *festa* in honor of the two great Florentine navigators and astronomers, Vespucci and Toscanelli, whose names are associated with that of Columbus in the discovery of the New World.

What vitality there is in a well-established newspaper! The venerable *Galignani* is again in the market after having been nearly choked to death by unscrupulous and rapacious managers for a second time within a decade. The Galignani family are desirous of getting the journal back into their own hands again with the intention of restoring its old historic name (the paper is now entitled *The Daily Messenger*), and giving it a new lease of life.

PARIS, Sept. 30.

THEODORE STANTON.

Prof. F. T. Palgrave.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, M.A., LL.D. (eldest son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Records), who died at London last Sunday, was born in 1824, and educated at the Charterhouse, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in classics in 1847. He was elected to a fellowship at Exeter College, and was for five years Vice-Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters at Kneller Hall. Later, he held a post in the Education Department of the Privy Council, and for some time was private secretary to Earl Granville. His first book of poems, "Idylls and Songs" (1854), was dedicated to Tennyson. In 1855 he contributed to the "Oxford Essays" an appreciative study of Musset, and to the third edition of Kugler's "Handbook of Painting" an "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving." His next work, a spiritual romance, "The Passionate Pilgrim; or, Eros and Anteros," appeared under the pseudonym of "Henry J. Thurstan." The work by which he became famous was "The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language," published by Messrs. Macmillan. This appeared in 1861. A year later he compiled a "Handbook of the Fine Arts Collections" in the International Exhibition, and con-

tributed a memoir to the posthumous edition of Clough's poems. In 1865 he edited a selection from Wordsworth for Moxon's Miniature Poets, and issued his edition of Shakespeare's "Songs and Sonnets." His "Essays on Art," chiefly reprinted from *The Saturday Review*, came out in 1866; and a little book of hymns, and an illustrated volume of stories, "The Five Days' Entertainments of Wentworth Grange," dedicated to his children, in 1868. His work during the next year included a biographical introduction to the *Globe Edition* of Scott's Poems, and the text for a collection of "Gems of English Art of this Century." His second collection of "Lyrical Poems" appeared in 1871. In 1874 he published at Lyme Regis, for the benefit of a charity, "A Lyme Garland" of local poetry, and in 1875 supplemented his "Golden Treasury" with a "Children's Treasury of English Song." In 1877 he published, under the title of "Chrysomela," a volume of selections from Herrick. His most ambitious work, "The Visions of England" (1881) is a series of poems founded on English history. An edition of Keats was one of his latest works. A second series of "The Golden Treasury" has just been issued by the Macmillans. It is dedicated to the memory of Tennyson.

In 1886 Mr. Palgrave was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Justin Winsor

DEATH has made sad inroads in the very front rank of American librarians of late. Since the American Library Association met in Philadelphia in June, three leading members of the profession have gone, first Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, then Dr. William Rice, of Springfield, and now Dr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Dr. Winsor shared with the late Dr. Poole, of Chicago, the honor of being foremost among American librarians. Entering the field much later than Dr. Poole, he at once attained distinction by his conduct of the Boston Public Library during nearly ten of its most important years, when its policy was being shaped. He was essentially a scholar and under his administration the library was greatly developed on the scholarly side; but at the same time he was thoroughly in sympathy with those views of the library as being of the people and for the people which characterized the Boston library from the first. It was the administration of Dr. Winsor that marked the arrival of that library at the position of the leading public library in the country, which it has since held. When the American Library Association was formed in 1876, Dr. Winsor naturally became its first president, and he held that position for ten years, during which time he did much to dignify the calling of librarianship and advance the cause of free libraries. For the last twenty years he has filled in the most distinguished manner the position of librarian of his *alma mater*, Harvard University. And while doing so he has accomplished an amount of literary work, mostly in American history, which may fairly be called prodigious. The "Memorial History of Boston," in four large volumes, and the "Narrative and Critical History of America," in eight, were both edited by him, and he had already published three volumes of a projected series on the early history of the country, as based on a careful study of original documents. He was *facile princeps* among students of American cartography, and besides his more important published works, contributed many papers to the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was vice-president.

Dr. Winsor was born in Boston in 1831, and so was less than 67 years old at the time of his death on the 22d of the present month. He was much broken by the death of his only child, a much-loved daughter, two years ago, and never really recovered from the shock. He leaves the enviable record of an unsullied life, and a noble manhood devoted to the highest welfare of his fellow-men.

His funeral service was held in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, last Monday afternoon, and attended by a large representation of librarians, and by many distinguished citizens, including the Governor of the State.

W. I. F.

The New "Zoo" and the Parks

WE TAKE PLEASURE in printing a letter from the Director of the New York Zoological Society, which was not intended for publication, but is given by the writer's consent. If, as is claimed, the area of the parks in the Annexed District was made as large as it is, in order to accommodate the Zoological Park and Botanical Garden, our objection to placing them there loses much of its force. The fact does not seem to have been brought out as clearly

as it should have been, when the sites for these two institutions were set apart by the Park Commissioners. The Society is fortunate, by the way, in having as its President such a thoroughly trained biologist as Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, and as its Director so capable and experienced a man as Mr. Hornaday.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have read, with deep regret, the article entitled "The Abuse of Public Parks," in your issue of July 17. My first impulse was to send you a letter for publication, but since I have no reason to doubt your desire to be just toward the Zoological Society, I have concluded to furnish you, privately, one item of information, which should have some weight at this time.

The article referred to treats the occupancy of a portion of Bronx Park as a zoological garden, as a "misappropriation" of park lands. The natural inference is, that the park lands north of the Harlem River were acquired for other purposes than as sites for zoological and botanical gardens. Permit me to inform you that the Hon. W. W. Niles, who was a member of the Commission which (in 1884) selected the 4000 acres of farm lands in the Annexed District, now included in the four great parks, declares most positively that in determining the total area of land to be condemned and purchased by the city, the Commissioners made the area as large as it is in order to provide abundant room for the large zoological and botanical gardens which they felt sure would soon be established by the city. In other words, it was the deliberate expectation and intention of the Commissioners that both of the institutions now complained of should find homes on some of the lands then acquired. The Commissioners very wisely did not attempt to assign sites for the zoological and botanical gardens. In choosing a home for the former, the Zoological Society naturally inferred that the site which would be the most accessible to the public, and also immeasurably the best for the animals, was the proper one to choose. There are 3500 acres of public parks in the Annexed District, untouched by the two scientific gardens, or five and one-half square miles. Is not that enough? Of the 261 acres allotted to the Zoological Park, the collections will be located on the least attractive portion; fully one-half of the total area (*all* of the picturesque portion) has been set aside as pleasure grounds, only.

Noting the fact that you are not opposed to zoological gardens on principle, I am moved to say that it seems pretty well settled that New York City must establish her new Zoo on about such a plan as our Society has devised, or have none at all. Conditions in this country are so very different from those that prevail in Europe that most American cities must furnish park land for their zoological gardens, or go without them. We take the conditions as we find them, and we believe that ours is the only feasible plan for this city. If I could take you through the proposed Zoological Park, and show you what we proposed to do, I feel certain you would be convinced that through our plan it will yield more pleasure to more people than could be given in any other way that could possibly be devised.

NEW YORK, 5 Oct. 1897.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

"His Excellency"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

By what authority, I should like to ask, does Secretary Sherman, or some subordinate in the State Department acting for him, address the American Ambassador at London as "His Excellency"? When an abstract of Mr. Sherman's now famous despatch concerning the Behring Sea question was telegraphed from London, I supposed that the prefix of "His Excellency" was the gratuitous addition of some Englishman, used to the pompous titles of his own country. But now that the despatch is printed in full in the American papers, apparently by authority of the Department of State, with the offensive and ridiculous title, I am afraid that some person, ignorant of American usage, has ventured upon sending to Mr. Hay a letter with that snobbish prefix. The title of "His Excellency" was proposed for Washington, along with other titles even more swollen. But Congress denied the use of all such semi-lunar fardels, and to this day President, Cabinet, Ministers and Senators, and Representatives in Congress, are not permitted the use of any other title than that of the plain "Mr." prefixed to the name of their official station, as Mr. President, Mr. Senator, and so on. I may add that no man sooner than our present Ambassador to the Court of St. James would scorn the application to his office or person of a high-sounding title unauthorized by law or usage.

BAR HARBOR, ME., 25 Sept. 1897.

OLD STYLE.

The Fine Arts

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument

FEW OF THE models for the proposed Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, which were on public exhibition at the Arsenal in Central Park, last week, show much originality. The most elaborate is intended as an entrance to the Park at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. An arched portico shades the sidewalk on the left hand side of the drive, and joins at an angle a triple archway thrown across the road. At the angle, and at each extremity, there is a cupola surmounted by a figure, that in the centre, with arms outspread, representing Peace. Between the cupolas are equestrian groups. The Angel of Peace figures in several of the designs, usually at the top of a tall column. Sometimes she is waving a flag, sometimes a wreath, sometimes both; and, in one instance, she is accompanied by an eagle. In several cases, groups of statuary are introduced at the base of the monument, intended to symbolize the army and the navy. Obviously the special appropriateness of any of the designs will depend on the carrying out of these figures, and the small models give little indication of the artist's skill. The general aim seems to be to produce a monument which shall be visible at a distance; but it should also, at a nearer view, explain itself without the aid of inscriptions. It is to be hoped that the committee in charge will bear this point in view in making their decision, which they are expected to do this week.

John Sartain

PROBABLY the oldest of American artists and engravers was the late John Sartain, who died at Philadelphia on Monday. He was a native of England (24 Oct., 1808), and had survived his eighty-ninth birthday by only a few hours. Coming to America in 1830, he was the first to practice here the art of mezzotint engraving. At the same time, he painted portraits in oils and miniatures on ivory. *Sartain's Union Magazine* during the four years of his management became widely known. He also made numberless plates for book illustration. On one of his numerous visits to Europe (1862) he was elected a member of the Artis et Amicitiae society of Amsterdam; and among the various honors he received was the title of *cavaliere*, conferred by the King of Italy in recognition of his services as art manager of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. He was skilled as an architect, and designed various monuments, including those to Washington and La Fayette in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia. His three children learned engraving from their father, William becoming well-known as an artist and teacher, and Emily as a portrait-painter.

Modern Belgian Sculptors

The Renaissance of Sculpture in Belgium. By Oliver G. Destrée. (Portfolio Monographs.) The Macmillan Co.

THIS IS a highly interesting essay. The author classifies the modern Belgian sculptors since 1830 in three groups, which, while they have all departed more or less from the Academic traditions of the first quarter of the century, have done so in unequal degrees and in different directions. The group that Mr. Destrée calls the "Classics," including van der Stappen and Jacques de Lalaing, the sculptor of the La Salle monument at Chicago, are learned in various ways, rather fond of classic subjects and more or less visibly influenced by the sculpture of the Greeks. A small band of Flemings is distinguished by its ignorance of the past and its thorough knowledge of technique. It includes Mr. Jef. Lambeaux—"the Flemish (very Flemish) Michael Angelo,"—and Mr. J. Dillens, whose subjects, indeed, are modern, but who shows much classic feeling in their treatment. A third group, the Walloons—Jean-Marie Gaspar, C. Mennier and others,—works also on modern themes, but does not, like Lambeaux, seek violent action, cultivating, instead, the graces of the early Italians. All three schools are well illustrated.

Art Note

THE INTERNATIONAL JURY to award medals and other honors and prizes, for the Art Exhibition at Carnegie Institute met at Pittsburgh, on Oct. 14. The annual exhibition will open on Founder's Day, Nov. 4, and continue for two months. The Jury is composed as follows:—John M. Swan, London; Edwin Lord Weeks, Paris; Frank W. Benson, Salem, Mass.; Cecilia Beaux, Philadelphia, Pa.; William M. Chase, New York; Frank Duveneck, Cincinnati, Ohio; Winslow Homer, Scarboro, Maine; John LaFarge, New York; Will H. Low, Bronxville, N. Y.; Edmund C. Tarbell, Boston, Mass.

Notes from London

THE most notable novel of the week in London is Benjamin Swift's "The Tormentor." Announced in America by Messrs. Scribner. It has not been received with as many signs of approval as his first novel, "Nancy Noon." One critic says that he "would do well to be watchful lest his literary fortunes find shipwreck on the barren rock of Method," and accuses him of "running to style as a sunflower runs to seed; all style, without proper solidity of basis," adding that "his manner is a hybrid between the sparkling complexity of Meredith and the minutely clever brilliance of Henry James." Dr. Robertson Nicoll says emphatically: "No. This will not do. It is a feverish recital of a feverish haggard dream." In the mean time, Mr. Swift has a new novel under way called "The Destroyer," and there are those who fear that the name may prove prophetic.

Benjamin Swift, by the way, is the *nom de guerre* of Mr. William Romaine Paterson, son of the late Dr. Robert Paterson of Glasgow. He is an M. A. of Glasgow University, where he took first-class honors in philosophy, and is only twenty-six years of age.

Mr. Phil May as well as Mr. W. Nicholson will bring out an alphabet for the holidays. The former will issue from the Leadenhall Press, while the latter will bear the imprint of Mr. Heinemann.

A new edition (making forty-three thousand copies) of "Sentimental Tommy," is published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., London. The novel feature of this edition is its eleven illustrations by Mr. William Hatherell, R. I. It is said, curiously enough, that Messrs. Cassell became Mr. Barrie's publishers through their American house. Cassell & Co., of New York, were the first to publish his books in America, and it was while negotiating with him for this country that the English house secured him. "The Little Minister" was the first of his books on their list.

Mr. Henry Cust, formerly editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, has retired from active journalism and become a director in a typesetting-machine company. Mr. Cust states that the New York *Sun* has ordered forty of his machines, which looks as though it were by way of doing a better business than the one in which Mark Twain sank his fortune.

Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode are printing a work on "Nelson and His Times," by Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. H. F. Wilson, containing some hitherto unpublished letters of Nelson. The work will be published in parts by Messrs. Harmsworth Bros., Ltd., whose "Sixty Years a Queen" was so successful.

Could there possibly be a greater contrast in editors than that between the editor of *Literature* and his "sub."—Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. R. S. Hichens? The latter, as everyone knows, is the author of "The Green Carnation" and of "Flames," a more unpleasant book than his first. Mr. Hichens is undoubtedly clever, but would hardly seem to be a natural choice for a literary paper fathered by Mr. Traill and mothered by the London *Times*.

From a recent paragraph in *The African Critic*, the editor thereof would seem to be a practical joker. "Some time ago," he writes, "as a satirical reproof to certain of my *confrères*, who are always discovering new literary prodigies, who 'equal, if they do not eclipse, the great English classics,' I published an imaginary review of a purely fictitious book. I called the work 'Secrets of the Veld,' and in its author I hailed 'the long-expected South African Bret Harte.' Most people saw the joke; some did not, and sent stamps, for addresses, or letters, insufficiently stamped, for particulars. Now I see some of my South African, Australian and American contemporaries are passing my critique off as their own. This lapse on their part tells a sad tale of human depravity, and exhibits marked deficiency in literary perception."

A new penny weekly called *Stories* has just been started in London, backed by the apparently inexhaustible capital of Mr. Hooley and Mr. du Cros of Dunlop tire fame. Some time ago Mr. Hooley offered Sir George Newnes £500,000 for *Tit-Bits*, *The Strand* and the rest of his business; but the offer was re-

fused. Now he is going to show Sir George what it is to have a powerful rival. Mr. Hooley should know, however, that it takes something more than capital to make the success of a periodical, even in these expensive days.

There has been a good deal in the papers about Mr. George Smith's dinner "to his friends and the contributors to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,'" but now comes one of the contributors, Charlotte Fell Smith, and denies that it was a contributors' dinner at all. As a matter of fact, she says, it was only given to one—the larger—section of the contributors. The women, she writes to *The Author*, some fifteen to twenty in number, who have worked upon the dictionary, many of them since the early volumes, were excluded from the invitation, and this notwithstanding a printed communication (the first in the annals of the *magnum opus* in which we have not been addressed as Dear Sir) received shortly before, stating that publisher and editor wished to take an early opportunity of personally thanking the workers who had assisted in bringing the conclusion so near in sight. * * * From the one or two contributors who meekly repaired to a gallery at the Hotel Métropole, I gathered that some allusion to the absent workers was made by one or two of the 'guests who were not contributors,' but I did not learn that anyone proposed the toast of 'contributors who were not guests.' More illogical productions than the cards issued to us, in common with numerous female relations of the staff, a few days before the entertainment, I have seldom seen. Headed by the magic words, 'Dinner to the contributors,' etc., they went on to request those contributors to honour their host by gliding in afterwards to 'listen to the speeches.'

A more recent dictionary dinner was given by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford to Dr. Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley and their principal assistants. In the course of his speech Dr. Murray gave some interesting particulars of the Dictionary's history. "The project apparently owes its origin to a suggestion of Dean Trench in 1857. About eighteen years of intermittent attempts followed, till the Philological Society took the work in hand. Then there were seven years of preparation, and in 1882 the work was definitely begun. Three years later Dr. Murray gave up his whole time to the work, which he expects may be finished in 1910, and perhaps in 1908."

The President of Magdalen, Oxford, is going to issue, through Mr. Murray, a volume of verse, "By Seven Seas, and Other Poems," of which a small edition was printed by Mr. Daniel for private circulation about a year ago. It would seem, from the title, that the learned author had never heard the name of Mr. Kipling's recent volume of poems, "The Seven Seas."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who lives near Oxford, recently gave a harvest-home supper to his neighbors. Two of the guests were overheard to argue as to what had made Mr. Jerome famous.

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"He writes books," said one, definitely. "No, he don't," was the contemptuous retort; "he rowed three men in a boat, and then won the race; that's what he done."

Notes

A BOOK of travels by the late Charles A. Dana, which is now passing through the press of D. Appleton & Co., will soon be published under the title of "A Summer Journey." It contains accounts of a recent trip through Russia and the Caucasus. Messrs. Appleton will publish in the fall of 1898 a biography of Mr. Dana, which will include, besides many important letters, the chapters of war reminiscences which are to appear serially in *McClure's*.

"George William Curtis at Concord" will be the subject of an article by Mr. George Willis Cooke in the Christmas (December) *Harper's*. The article is made up mainly of letters written by Mr. Curtis at the age of twenty. There will be a portrait by James Wall Finn, and one from an engraving by Schladitz, after a photograph.

"Hugh Wynne" is already in its twenty-fourth thousand.

A new book by Edmondo De Amicis will be welcome. We are soon to have one from Messrs. Putnam's Sons. "On Blue Waters" it is called, and it will contain the author's description of his life on an emigrant ship bound from Genoa to Buenos Ayres. The gifted Italian is not the first famous writer to describe life on ship-board from the emigrants' quarters. His voyage, however, was a much longer one than Stevenson's, and had not the same object in view—the pursuit of a sweetheart.

The Correspondent prints some very interesting unpublished letters of Chateaubriand and his wife, addressed to a Scotchman, John Frazer Frisell, who lived long in France, and was on terms of the greatest intimacy with M. and Madame de Chateaubriand. Unfortunately many of these letters are lost; but enough remain to present Chateaubriand in a new light. Most of his letters that we already possess show him in a disdainful and majestic attitude, which doubtless is natural to him, although sometimes he appears to be posing for posterity. His letters to Mr. Frisell are entirely simple and unaffected. He speaks in a most affectionate and familiar manner of the little events of every day, and interests himself in the health of his correspondent's invalid daughter, writing with a sincerity and warmth not at all suggestive of the egotist he is generally supposed to have been. Stranger still, he is constantly anxious about his wife's health. Madame de Chateaubriand, for her part, writes of her husband with the deepest affection and easy familiarity. But perhaps the most surprising thing about this correspondence is the fact that Chateaubriand's style is here seen in complete undress. Nothing could be more unlike his manner of addressing Mme. Récamier, for instance, than the absolutely unstudied form of these letters to his Scottish intimate.

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Messrs. Chapman & Hall of London have just published, by arrangement with The Morse Company of New York, a very attractive edition of Mrs. Westover's "Bushy: The Adventures of a Girl."

Mr. Frank Munsey has just returned from Europe, where he "secured about \$20,000 worth of material—fiction, articles, and art." The most important serials are "Born in the Purple," by Anthony Hope; a story by Stanley Weyman, not yet named; "The Swallow," by H. Rider Haggard; and "The Woman of Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton. Mr. Munsey announces a series of standard books of about 150 pages each, at two cents a volume, and a new periodical, *The Quaker*, for twenty cents a year!

The University of Bucharest is conferring upon the Queen of Rumania ("Carmen Sylva"), in compliment to her writings in prose and verse, the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Messrs. Putnam announce "A Note-Book in Northern Spain," by Archer M. Huntington, with upward of 100 illustrations. In this volume of travel the author describes a trip through the provinces of Galicia, to Astorga, Oviedo, Yuste and many other places of historic interest. A brief sketch of the rise and development of the bull-ring is also given. Mr. Huntington, by the way, is the adopted son of Mr. C. P. Huntington. Although still a young man he has spent many years in studying Spain and her people, both in books and in life.

Three weeks before the day set for the publication of "Corleone," Mr. Crawford's publishers had received orders for twice the number of copies which they had ordered printed for the first edition, so that they were obliged to order the printing of a second edition before a single copy of the first had been delivered. These two printings carried the work well into the thousands.

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Note.—The above three books are printed at the Wayside Press.

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(ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1881.)*

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Mascagni, who is no less prolific as a letter-writer than as a composer, has just sent a letter to the Italian press, in which he gives the following information about himself, in order to silence certain current rumors:—"He has no motive for committing suicide. He lives a happy family life with his wife and three children. He is extraordinarily healthy and vigorous in body and mind. He is getting fat. He weighs about 189 lbs. He has a good position and great influence as Director of the Liceo Rossini. He is the first of Italian musicians. He is overwhelmed with offers and foreign engagements; he has had to refuse, for lack of time, offers from Hungary, Sweden and Russia. He is working on a new opera with a freshness of inspiration and buoyancy that recall the time when he wrote 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' And at the same time that this letter is published, the Italian papers announce that Signor Mascagni has almost finished his opera, "La Japonaise," and that several highly competent critics, to whom he has shown parts of his work, are filled with admiration.



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QUESTIONS

1853.—In the Dictionnaire Larousse I find "Edith" given as the name of Lot's wife, and (apparently as authority) the word "Bible." Is there any foundation for the use of this name to be found in the Bible or elsewhere?

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

[Unless the people of Sodom were Anglo-Saxons, it is not likely that the name of Lot's wife was Edith. Perhaps some of the ingenious identifiers of the English with the Ten Lost Tribes can throw light on the matter, although Lot would hardly come in under that head. (The Arabic legend calls Lot's wife Wahela, or Waila, I believe.) Is there not some confusion here with the Lilith of Jewish tradition, a sort of female demon sometimes represented as the wife of Adam? F. B.]

1856.—In the September Book Buyer Mr. Rossiter Johnson ascribes the authorship of the lines

"There came to port the other night
The queerest little craft," etc.

to George Cooper, the song-writer, adding, however, that he cannot verify his impression. Has not *The Critic* ascribed this poem to Mr. Cable?

NEW YORK.

[Yes. The verses are Mr. Cable's.]

E.

A. W. I.

Publications Received

- Abbott, C. C. Travels in a Tree Top. The Hermit of Nottingham. The Freedom of the Fields. 3 vols. \$4.75. J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Abbott, T. K. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians. \$9.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.
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- Adcock, A. St. John. East End Idylls. \$1.25. New York: M. F. Mansfield.
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